

A STRANGE RESCUE.

THE TURKEY KILLER'S STORY OF AN ADVENTURE.

A Southern Boy's Exciting Experience With a Gray Wolf and a Panther on Indian River, Fla.

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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Tom Bailey is a man well along in years now, a tall, gaunt, good-natured woodsman living in a cabin far down amid the swamps of lower Forida. He is famous as a turkey killer, and upon this score he little to tell a store embodying one of his experiences. If was long ago, when he was a boy 16 years old, before Florida had become a crowded winter resert. Then there was stenty of game, hear, deer, turkers with a few panthers and wolves, rouming in the wild, seni-troy roll woods. The funnter usually had hith trouble fading all that he could shoot.

After a whole aftermoon's tramp, Tomorne der found himself at sunset fivmiles from his father's home on indian liver. Moreover, form, for the first time in his life, was newlidered, uncertain of his whereaboults, he had killed a line, fat the could be to take if a long way, in a roundown to could be a long way, in a roundown he looked up he was lost. Everging appeared strange, he is always can be tree and turnied views exercing it. And when he looked up he was lost. Everging appeared strange, he is always can be tree and turnied views exercing to below in a country unknown to him.

THE PANTHER SPRUNG UPON THE WOLF.

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He Felt the Wolf's Nose Tip His Heel as he Rose out of Reach.

make his selection. Something har-sened right auddenly and it was of so-tarting a mature that a much older names might have been scared out of

starting 5 hater that a mice obseruniter might have been scared out of
its wits.

The sky was cloudy, night came on all
ut once and with it came an apparation
in the form of a huge gauta wolf, which
merred from it bay thicket and stood
night before Tom its back slightly
irched, its head low The Birth was
anely sufficient to outline strongly the
read anime 's extremely threatening
attitude: Yet there was comething in
he expression of the thing's head, its
ace, so to call it, which could not have
seen more clearly seen by brightest dayight, it was the position cannot bearicas, bloodthirst book of a hunry manuter. Not that Tom could see the 2-in
always present on a gray wolf's mouth;
to that the mostster's crestlint was
clathle but the set of its pointed curr,
he spread of its misscalar saws and tho
have should fit without now made allocation and units, risking better
assaint the dim background of buy
bushes. Tom rather network to eight
the girl and telled trager. The lock
samped ineffectually, then he remembered that he had not reloaded ine gun.

THE SNAP OF THOSE TEETH.

THE SNAP OF THOSE TEETH.

THE SNAP OF THOSE TEETH.

Now his demoralization was complete, as any old hunter will understand: for to find your gum empty at the very focus of dinners is a signal easiling row to do something desporate, and you must do something desporate, and you must do something desporate, and you must do something desporate and you must do something a single moment. Tom stood motionless, then the wolf snarted and mode is investmentally investment toward him. He clubbed he gup just in time to deal the short a single plant in time to deal the single plant in the plant a single plant in time to deal the single plant in the single p



Tom was trembling and clinging desperately, "a holdin on like of steel trap for a semilib roug, as no expressed in the dead tirkey s flesh, when susidenly a new serior came upon the seens, it was inst when the moon railed out into a clear space of sky, between lines of some



"I should like," said the vase from the china stere. "To have seen the world a little more.

"When they carried me here I was wrasped to light."
Here they say it is really a lovely sight."

"Yes." said the little plaster bird, "That is exactly what I have heard;

"There are thousands of trees, and oh, what a sight."
It must be when the candles are all alight."

The fat top rolled on his other side: "It is not in the least like that." he cried.

"Except myself and the kite and ball, None of you know the world at all.

"There are houses, and pavements hard and red.
And everything spins around," he said:
"Sometimes it goes slowly and sometimes fast.
And often it stops with a bump at last."
The wooden donkey nedded his head:
"I had heard the world was like that," he said.

The kite and the hall exchanged a smile, But they did not speak—it was not worth while.

Onestions for Research with the said and order the said.

Profession should be proud, when you know him to be an ordinary pettifogger."

Professions of a Resheler.



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